



As April begins

“April is a generous month”, she said,
‘Generous rain, light singing birds’.
Even a mean heart acknowledges the bond
linking grass to clouds,
linking what we know of here
to the blue tingling world of beyond.
I’ve seen mean hearts turn generous,
so why should I limit myself to being
only what I think I know,
when I might dream of another me?
The year is taking shape.
So am I.
I think I’ll go for a stroll with hope.
When I walk through the April light I see
a gentle twig is more durable
than a stubborn tree.”

Brendan Kennelly